

About Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

JANE COWL is a determined, not to say reckless, young woman. She has just turned down a staggering offer for her services in films. Miss Cowl has made up her mind to keep out of pictures, and she says she'll stick by her decision in spite of everything. She was at home a day or two ago, reading. Nearby sat her husband, Adolph Klaubner. The telephone rang and she answered.

"Yes, this is Miss Cowl," she said. "What's that—\$100,000 for a series of films? No, thank you! I don't care to act in pictures. Goodbye!"

At that she hung up the receiver.

"Oh! Oh!" said a mournful voice behind her.

Glancing around, Miss Cowl saw Mr. Klaubner holding his head.

NOT IN ONE BOTTLE.

Wells Hawks, while ahead of the Diaghileff Ballet Russe, called on a Philadelphia editor with the idea of getting some pictures of the troupe. Wells had cooked up a fine tale to tell him.

"I've got a good story for you," said the press agent after they had exchanged greetings.

"What is it?" asked the editor. "Three of our ballerinas, while on the picket line at Atlantic City, wrote their names on pieces of paper and put them in a pop bottle. They then threw the bottle into the ocean, hoping some Russian battleship would pick it up."

"What were their names?"

"Wojnikowski, Idzikowski and Iaz-Jnakowski. Now, you see, a ship!"

"Just a minute," said the editor. "That's a fake story. Nobody could ever get those three names in one bottle."

And the good story died right there.

U. S. CALLS SCARBOROUGH.

An announcement from the Belasco office says George Scarborough, playwright, who has gone to the Mexican border, has been pressed into service by the Government on a special mission arising out of the Villa affair.

Mr. Scarborough was formerly a Federal Secret Service agent. Incidentally, he is to seek material for a new play while down there.

IN MISS BURKE'S ROLE.

Mlle. Yvonne Garrick, the French actress, is to play the role of Jacqueline in "L'Amour Vellie" at the Theatre Francaise next week. The play is a French version of "Love Watches," in which Billie Burke starred. Miss Burke will see Mlle. Garrick play the role Monday night.

A STRANGE WOMAN.

Eddie Dunn of the Cohan & Harris forces is sure he encountered a crazy woman on Broadway yesterday. He was crossing the street and was about to step on the curb at Forty-third Street when a thin woman, wearing a red bonnet, put her face close to his and murmured:

"You son-of-a-gun, you!"

Eddie was astounded. Never had he been called a son-of-a-gun by a strange woman before.

"What do you mean, madam?" he demanded.

"Go on, you little cutie!" she replied.

And away she went, leaving Eddie utterly dumfounded.

HOW COHAN JOINED.

George M. Cohan made a speech at a Green Room Club "beefsteak" Sunday night. In it he told a little green room history that few of his hearers were familiar with.

"Some years ago," said Mr. Cohan, "I was sitting in my office when a couple of members of the Green Room Club came in."

"Well, George," said one, "we've just elected you President of our club. Sign these notes, please!"

The club, it developed, was needing funds—no, I was elected President. Since I hadn't been elected head of any organization for about two weeks and I knew my parents were getting restless over my inactivity, I accepted and signed the notes.

A few days later I decided to visit the club, if I could find it. A policeman directed me and I entered the clubhouse.

"Who are you?" demanded the porter-clerk.

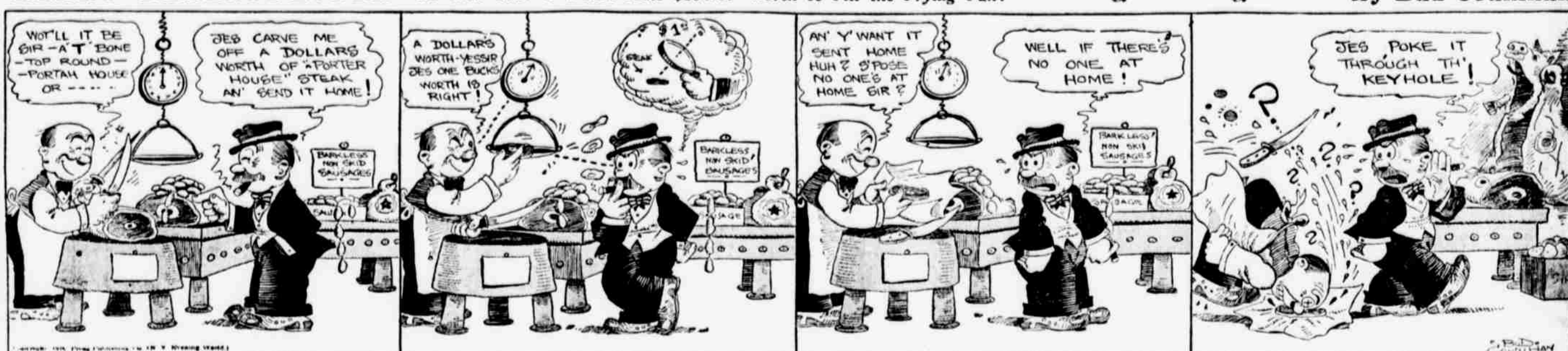
"S'MATTER, POP?"

By C. M. Payne



HENRY HASENPFEFFER—At That Rate It Would Take \$196.37 Worth to Fill the Frying Pan!

By Bud Counihan



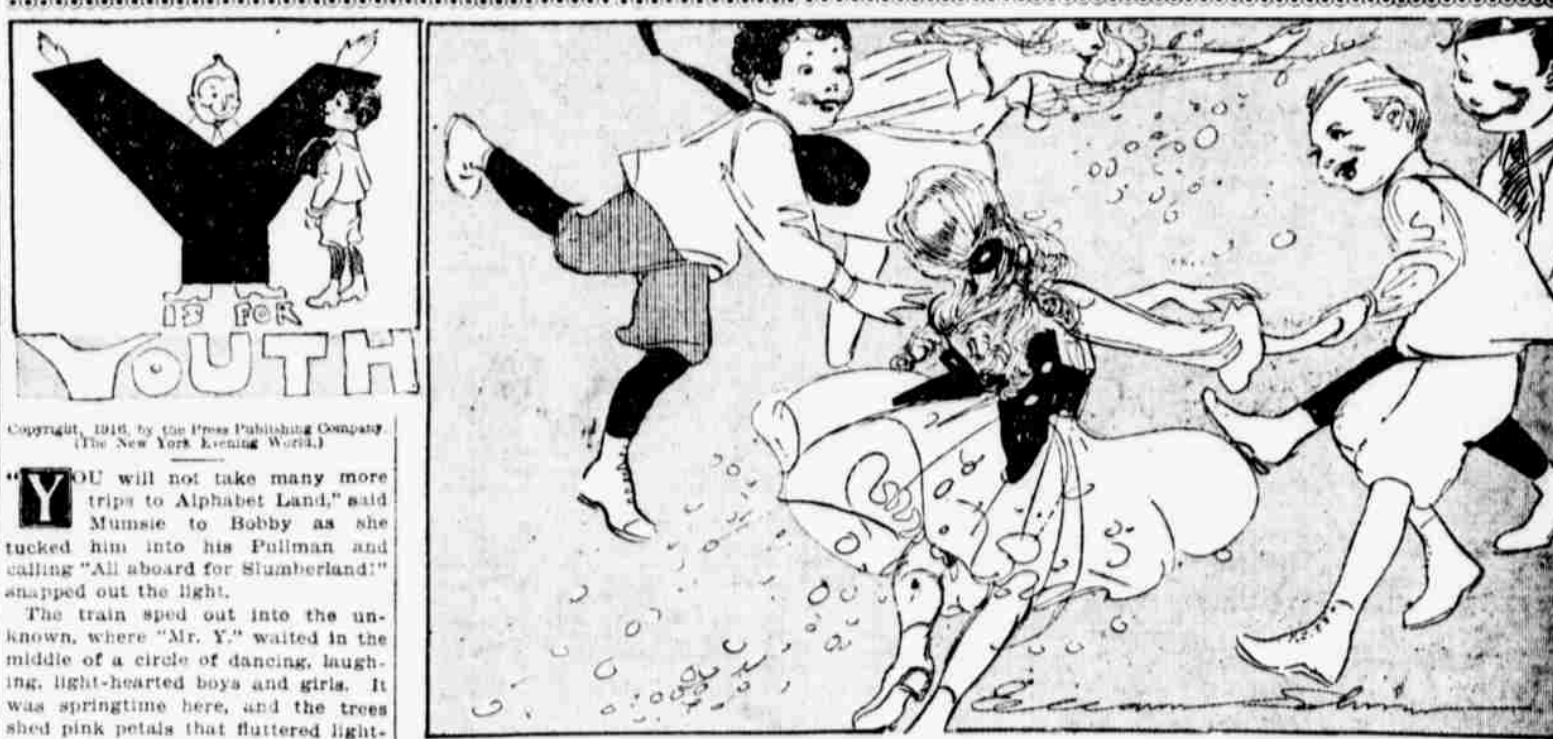
FLOOEY AND AXEL—Nevertheless, Axel Is Getting Used to Being an Umpire!

By Vic



BOBBY IN ALPHABET LAND

By Eleanor Schorer



YOU will not take many more trips to Alphabet Land," said Mumsie to Bobby as she tucked him into his Pullman and called "All aboard for Slumberland!"

The train sped out into the unknown, where "Mr. Y" waited in the middle of a circle of dancing, laughing, light-hearted boys and girls. It was springtime here, and the trees shed pink petals that fluttered lightly in the warm wind before finally settling down to make dainty pink patterns all over Mother Earth's new green dress.

"My dear little youth, you are welcome and no doubt!" cried "Mr. Y," with open arms. "Join the frolic; sing and make merry!"

So Bobby joined a berry-picking group, and if half as many berries went into his mouth as stayed to stain the outside he was well filled with the red delicacies.

Then there was a heap of fun on a long-rope swing that swung almost to the very top of a tall maple tree, then down to touch the earth for a moment and off to the clouds again.

My, it surely was sport!

In their turn came running races and a dandy baseball game; sport at rolling down the green hills and scrambling up to the top to see who could get up first, and no end of other sportive pleasures for healthy boys and girls. Then, in its turn too, came time to go home.

When the church clock boomed seven times Bobby sought out his host, "Mr. Y," to tell him goodbye and that he never did have as good a time in Alphabet Land before. Bob finally found him tugging at the stubborn top of a huge ice cream cone.

"Do stay and have some," he invited, but Bob said, "No, thank you; I'm afraid it's not good before breakfast," and hurried away. "Mr. Y," escorted him. They were at the

border of Ope-Eye World now, and "Mr. Y," said: "You must come again soon. We are always having a party, because Youth is my best beloved son, and I love to see him having a bully good time."

Bobby's right eye was open. "Do not forget where I live—Number One Pleasure Bend. It is the sunniest street in the land."

Both Bobby's eyes were now open. He had crossed the border past which we can carry nothing, not even a berry-stained face nor a May flower; nothing but memories; and Bob had plenty of these, and mighty happy ones, too!

Selected.

It was at a fashionable Southern resort and the pretty New England maiden had been tangoing strenuously with a vigorous young man from the West.

"Really," she protested, "I must stop. I'd love to keep on and on, but I'm danced out."

"Why, how can you say that?" he cried, in astonishment, as he escorted her to a seat. "I don't think you are danced out at all. You're just plump enough."—National Monthly.

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PREPAREDNESS.

